

2.
BOTH SIDES
OF THE
GUTTER;

OR,

Pam 68

ALL PARTIES
LAUGHING

AT

EACH OTHER.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXXX,IX.



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THE
R A T S,
A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of—"CHEVY-CHACE."

I

GOD succour soon our noble King,
And keep us faithfull all ;
A base desertion did of late,
In *College-Green* befall,

II.

Fierce *G——n* made a dreadful vow,
Proud *Buckingham* to fight,
Whose matchless power had oft before,
Distress'd this little wight,

B

III. And

III.

And thrice he wound his bugle horn,
 His horn both loud and shrill,
 The Ratts came trooping to his pipe,
 Obedient to his will.

IV

From *Tipperary's* fertile fields,
 Came C——n brisk and keen,
 Well skilled to aim the shaft concealed,
 But bad in fight I ween.

V

Next floating on a dung-boat came,
 Along the Grand Canal,
 With *W—fe*, and *B—gh*, and *C—ly*,
 The Lord High Admiral.

VI.

In all the pomp of Eastern pride,
 He grimly ey'd the flood,
 And rul'd with arbitrary sway,
 The boatmen as he stood.

VII.

Then from his dark monastic cell,
 With harmless cannons grac'd,
 Crept forth ecclesiastic B——ne,
 In legal armour cas'd.

VIII.

His spear was of that gander's quill,
 That sav'd the capitol,
 A parchment helmet too he wore,
 To save his paper skull.

IX. His

IX.

His shield was form'd of many sheets,
 Of *Puffendorf de Jure*,
 His gorget was of Grotius too,
 To guard the little Fury.

X.

Then sneaking came great G— G—
 And some of small renown,
 Bold G——*n* saw, and sadly soon
 He cast his eyes adown.

XI.

But quick with happy thoughts inspir'd,
 He starts and cries aloud,
 Let those who now for pensions sigh,
 With haste come join the crowd.

XII.

Leave foolish *Buckingham* for me,
 And to my standard run,
 Haste to salute the rising Day,
 Forfake the setting Sun.

XIII.

Those that have places shall have more,
 And those that have not shall,
 And those who like it have their fill,
 Of jobbing and cabal.

XIV. Those

XIV.

These words with mighty influence wrought,
 On Bald Sir John the Paviour,
 Who would for thirty pence again
 Betray his Lord and Saviour.

XV.

He soon, for moderation sure,
 Is not in him inherent,
 Hurl'd Paving stones and channel dirt,
 Upon the King's Vicegerent.

XVI.

He talk'd of jobbing and what not,
 'Till *Harcourt's* Ghost appear'd,
 His shroud with Icicles was hung,
 And eke his silver beard.

XVII.

The Paviour shrunk, his blood was chill'd,
 But *Harcourt* still came nigher;
 'Till to remove the deadly cold,
 He rak'd the Soldier's fire.

XVIII.

Falſe *L—f—s* came and *P—f—y*,
 But who'd expect to find,
 A ſteadineſs in Men who live,
 By watching of the Wind.

XIX. Then

XIX.

Then *Gervais* turn'd, tho' at the Act,
Nunc meminifre horret,
 Yet long he beat the Bush about,
 To find a Reason for it.

XX.

Then shifted Jack for learning fam'd,
 I mean old Jack the Prancer,
 Who tho' the gout has cramp'd his toes,
 Is still a noble dancer.

XXI.

G—e Og—e too who ne'er before,
 A thought of baseness harbour'd,
 Now hid his face, then veer'd about,
 And station'd on the larboard.

XXII.

Then lofty buskin'd L—she too,
 Reign'd Pegasus about,
 'Tho gorg'd with Favours late receiv'd.
 Yet join'd in G—n's Rout.

XXIII.

But why should I of private Men
 Take thus superfluous notice,
 When those in trust and confidence,
 Thought fit to act the Proteus.

XXIV. When

XXIV.

When *Sh—n* and his light Dragoons,
And *L—r* and his brothers,
Left *Buckingham* to save himself,
And went to join the others.

XXV.

But faithful *John Fitzgibbon* stay'd,
To help his royal Master ;
Kilwarlin, Mason, Beresford,
Disdain'd to set the Daftard.

XXVI.

And thus I pray that our good King
May be in health e'er long,
To starve those Rats that fled the Ship,
And so I end my song.

THE

The HOPES OF THE PARTY.

A NEW SONG,

To the tune of "Goostrum Foo", &c.

OF late we were all stout and hearty,
Because of the state of our King;
But alas! all the hopes of the party
Are fled; what a terrible thing;
Sing goostrum, &c.

Where now is his Honour the Master,
Oh! he's gone on a message to Wales;
If he can he'll avoid a disaster,
No matter which party prevails.
Sing goostrum, &c.

We much fear that all hopes of promotion,
Must now be foregone by his Grace;
Since by failure of party commotion,
He has miss'd a Vice Treasurer's place.
Sing goostrum, &c.

The poor Duke of Armagh's high ambition,
Must lie for a while on the shelf;
For his friends, we lament their condition,
Since he can't e'en provide for himself.
Sing goostrum, &c.

L——d L——s, the f——r, the scoff is,
Of all where his conduct is known;
He for Peerage, or Pension, or office,
Would vote e'en Old Nick on the Throne.
Sing goostrum, &c.

XXIV.

When *St—n* and his light-Dragoons,
 And *L—r* and his brothers,
 Left *Buckingham* to save himself,
 And went to join the others.

XXV.

But faithful *John Fitzgibbon* stay'd,
 To help his royal Master ;
Kilwarlin, Mason, Beresford,
 Disdain'd to set the Dastard.

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L——d L——s, the f——r, the scoff is,
Of all where his conduct is known;
He for Peerage, or Pension, or office,
Would vote e'en Old Nick on the Throne.
Sing goostrum, &c.

As for S—— since e'er we have known him,
 His friendship we all disavow;
 E'en his father himself wou'd disown him,
 Cou'd he peep from his lodgings below.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Th' insatiate ambition of Harry,
 A desperate check now attends;
 And since ev'ry point he can't carry,
 He'll vent all his spleen on his friends.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Let Brunswick, however, beware Sir,
 His ire, (tho' she sits on the Throne);
 Since our Hal has thought fit to declare Sir,
 That his title's as good as her own.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

As for P——y's fruitless endeavour,
 To grasp all the pow'r in the realm;
 The party will certainly never
 Submit, to see him at the helm.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Brother Georgy succeed to Fitzgibbon,
 L——e M——rr—is fill Beresford's place,
 Joey H——re get a star and a ribbon,
 And *himself* go in state with the mace.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

There's B——e that foul mouth'd old finner,
 His jobs must be all brought to light;
 For in spite of his margaux and dinner,
 Each guest will forsake the bald Knight.
 Sing goostrum, &c.

Pert C——n that great gladiator,
 Wish'd to wear the Solicitor's gown;
 But now the poor pitiful prater,
 Must e'en be content with his own.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

G——y B——e, C——ff, and L——e, and H——tt-n,
 Have run on the wrong side the post,
 Let us see if their friend Harry G——tt——n,
 Will make to them what they have lost.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

Tho' this change of all hope has bereft us,
 Let us not our endeavours forego,
 There is still one expedient left us,
 So let's try what Round Robin can do.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

But if every attempt to keep places
 Should fail, and we're all turn'd out,
 'Twill be time then to lengthen our faces,
 Till then push the jorum about.
 Sing gooftrum, &c.

C

THE

THE AMBASSADORS
EXTRAORDINARY.

A S O N G.

I.

TH' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
Over the wa'try wave,
Th' Ambassadors proud of their office so great,
In the Duchefs of Rutland set sail for Parkgate,
With their haily, gaily, gamborily, rumbling tumb-
ling, jumblin, fumbling, over the wat'ry wave.

II.

They came to his Highness drest out in new cloths,
Over the wat'ry wave,
Having practised a week for to turn out their Toes,
With their haily, &c,

III.

Then they bow'd and they scrap'd with obedience so low,
Over the wat'ry wave,
You'd think they were taking off Punch in the show,
With their haily, &c.

IV. Please

IV.

Please your Highness, our nation so loyal and true,
Over the wat'ry wave,
As Regent, unfetter'd, has bid us greet you,
With our haily, &c.

V.

And we scorn for to limit a Prince that's so good,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For whom we are ready to forfeit our blood,
With our haily, &c.

VI.

For your friends you may now provide with great ease,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And we'll pay any absentee pensions you please,
With our haily, &c.

VII.

Quoth the Prince, my good people, you're now come
too late,
Over the wat'ry wave.
My Father is well, and is ruling the state,
With our haily, &c.

VIII.

Tell poor Irish Paddy I'm much to him bound,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And ungrateful, I trust, I shall never be found,
For his haily, &c.

IX. But

IX.

But as matters are now, you must doubtless submit,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And court the Lieutenant, sent over by Pitt.
With a haily, &c.

X.

But fly now from hence and get out of his pow'r,
Over the wat'ry wave,
For fear that he sends you all six to the Tow'r,
For your haily, &c.

XI.

Quoth the Duke to himself, we have done a *wise*
thing,
Over the wat'ry wave,
I wish I had never deserted my King,
With my haily, &c.

XII.

Quoth C—l—t's peer they will rail, and they'll laugh,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And I fear I shall never be duke of Armagh,
For my haily, &c.

XIII.

I find says Tom Turf, we're come after the fair,
Over the wat'ry wave,
And Billy must loose the Post-office and chair,
For my haily, &c.

XIV. I'll

XIV.

I'll return says O'Neal, since the King has his own,
 Over the wat'ry wave,
 And Presbyter Jemmy set out for Tyrone,
 With his haily, &c.

XV.

So the bulls they came back all with fleas in their
 ears,
 Over the wat'ry wave,
 And here they'll remain for our gibes and our jeers,
 For their haily, &c.

A COM-

A COMICAL NEW
B A L L I D,

CALL'D BY WAY OF ITS TITLE,

DE LAW OF DE LYE,

O R,

LARRY CUT DOWN.

DE night dat poor Larry was strecht,
De boys were all gedder'd about him,
And when in de dirt he was ketch'd,
Oh! how de young black-guards did flout him!
De lad was as full as a tick,
Of de gall he brought over from London,
Dat damn'd second-hand gall made him sick,
And 'was den dat poor Larry was undone.
Because why his nurse was so foul.

At first de sweet youth he was shy,
But when dat de jaw it run higher,
He gave little Harry de lye,
"By de Peter," says he, "you're a liar."
Den Harry looked round at de House.
While de Members all wish'd for to back him;
As if Larry was only a louse,
Dat would dirty his nails for to crack him.
For Larry he look'd rader small.

Den

Den Sandy so sweet and so bluff,
 Came and frown'd like de Divle by Larry;
 Whereupon, in a giffy, Jem Cusse,
 Brought his bum to an anchor near Harry.
 Says Jemmy, dear Hal, 'tis a farce,
 Give de boy but his twine, and don't mind him;
 In his face I'll soon shew you his arse,
 Oh! his sweet arse won't stay long behind him;
 For Sandy will bring it about.

Den up got de pavier so stout,
 With his face both behind and before him,
 And made de poor young man to pout,
 Oh! you'd grieve for to see how he tore him.
 Sir Lucius den stird up de next,
 And de point of de priv'ledge he handled;
 Den he took up—and laid down de text,
 Den he smiled—den his bonnet he dandled;
 Den left de point just where he found it.

De Pro—st den rose in his place,
 For to give to de House informat'on;
 He said 'twas a wonderful case,
 De most wonderful in de whole nat'on.
 As for Larry, says he, I'm his friend,
 But, by G—d, to de best of my knowledge,
 Unless those bad manners he'll mend,
 He'll be flung out by Frank from de College;
 And dat sure would be a sad ting;

Den Sandy stooped down to his ear,
 And said something dat made him look paler,
 As if de damn'd gibbet was near,
 And de neck-cloath was brought by de jailor.

But

But Jacky Fitzgibbons so grave,
 When he saw the boy all were so hard on,
 Dear Larry says he for to save
 Your sweet life, you must tip dem de pardon,
 And double de grill upon Sandy.

Den he pop't up so tall and so pale,
 And good Christins says he in de nat'on,
 I knock under to simple repeal,
 And I here make my renunciati'n:
 Nor no longer poor Larry detain'd,
 For he thought de rougues still at his crupper,
 And when dat de College he gained,
 He parceived he'd made room for his supper,
 For his sweet a—se came back to its duty.

DE

DE KILMAINMAM BALLID.

I.

THOUGH I *would* look *big and jolly*,
Still I'm left to cry alone!
Divil take me for my folly,
Not to let the hacks alone!
Tirollee, tiralliddy,
Tirollee, tirollee,
Not forgetting teerolladdy, &c.

II.

Oh they had nearly done my *bisness*,
Tho' I talk'd so bid and stout—
All but far the *convalescence*
Soon I must have—*soap'd* my snout!
Tirollol.

III.

Tittle-tattle, lie, and twaddle,
Lie and twaddle all the day!
Who'll defend my a—se and noddle,
When they get me *hence* away?
Tirollol.

IV.

Harvey Aston, Billy Cotton,
You're the lads were full of tricks;
I thought I was as dead as mutton,
When I danc'd *between two sticks*!

D

V. There

V.

There I am a simple M—q—fs—

Here I must contrive to stay—

Lord have mercy on my carcass!

Arnen! let Lewellyn say!

Tirollol,

Not forgetting—Mary Neal.

VI.

Fetch and carry, lie, and twaddle,

Lie and twaddle all the day!

Had I brains as much as—noddle,

More I'd *do*, and less I'd *say*.

Tirollol.

VII.

Crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye!

Crowd ye to me! STILL I say!

But—(if the *crowd* would let me *softly*),

I'd *crowdee* soon *myself* away.

Dirollol, tirollidy, tirollol, tirollee—

Tirollol, and tirollee—too!—likewise!

And quite forgetting tirolliddy.

VIII.

Place and pension to *each* Member.

And “good fir! pray make no doubt!”

But each promise to remember—

Cocker could not—make them out!

Tirollol.

IX. Friends

IX.

Friends I've made—by lies and flutter,
But they were not staunch or—clean!
They chang'd sides acrofs the gutter,
And the gutter——lies between!
Tirollol “quick and ready,”
Tirollol “see me, see”!
Tirollol, I'm sturdy,
Tirolleddy!—one—two—three!

X.

Against Caulfield and Fitzgerald,
Nightmen all shall make me sport,
From the gutter (or the garret)
They, by G—d shall fling the—dirt.
Tirollol.

Crowd ye! crowd ye! crowd ye!
Crowd ye! crowd ye! *still* I say—
Had I *twenty more* of crowdy,
Oh! then I'd *bilk*, and —— run away!

FROM

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER *we give,*

IRISH WONDERS!!!

‘ THOSE Gentlemen who may wish to have a sight of the SIX VERY CURIOUS ANIMALS that are just landed from IRELAND, are respectfully informed, that their stay in *the* METROPOLIS will be very short. They are esteemed by all those who have seen them, as the greatest living curiosities—the MONSTROUS CROWS not excepted. They are to be shewn to His ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE of WALES, to whom they are to pay their compliments; and after that, they may be seen by the public.’

‘ Admittance, a Thirteenener each person.’

‘ Character peeps out at small openings.—When Charles XII. was assassinated, his right hand went insensibly upon his *sword hilt*! When the Duke of Bedford heard of the *Irish Ambassador*’s arrival, both his hands fell upon his *breeches pockets*!’

‘ *Foreign Ambassadors Allowance*.—If Extraordinary, they have 8l. a day—if not, 5l.—In regard to the *Irish Ambassadors*, they certainly are *Foreign* to the whole matter—and who can say they are not *Extraordinary*?’

‘ The

‘ The ardour of political contest is at length giving way, to pleasanter things. *Extraordinary* Gentlemen from Ireland have been invited every where—to the private concerts, &c. of Lord EXETER, Lord BUCKINGHAM, &c. and the *Irish Howl* is now every where to be heard!’

‘ The *Irish Howl* was the only omission at Miss HAMILTON’s splendid concert. In every other respect, it was very complete.’

SIX AMAZING IRISH BULLS.

‘ These *Curious Animals* are to be seen from ten in the morning till five o’clock in the afternoon, at which time they go to feed.

‘ The *Old Bull*, who is called *the Duke*, from being bred in a Duke’s *Park*, is truly worth seeing. At the word of command, you may make him *cross over* and *change sides*, as naturally as a Christian; and he is so docile, he will *take any thing* from any body. The other BULLS are equally curious—and merit the attention of the public.”

‘ If any body should be inclined to purchase them before they leave LONDON, they may be had a bargain.’

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

I.

IN good King GEORGE's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
All Cattle Measures I did praise,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my sons I took great pains,
How many blessings spring,
That place and pensions were the gains,
Of following the King.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see sir ;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

II.

But if the P—e obtain the Crown,
And Popery come in fashion,
The Church of England I'll hoot down,
And read my Recantation.

The

The Church of Rome will well agree
With *College* Constitution ;
And Fellows all shall Jesuits be,
Spite of the Revolution.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see sir ;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

III.

And as the *P---ce* they have declared
And *F-x*'s party lead,
With this new wind about I've veer'd
And joined the *RATS* with speed ;
All promises I quickly broke,
Set Conscience at a distance,
But sure no party I forsook
While they could make resistance.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain
As far as I can see Sir ;
That whatsoever party reign
A Placeman I will be Sir,*

IV.

But if Will *P--t* should be the man,
And threaten to revenge,
I'll be the first to join his clan
And speedily will change ;

I never

I never was to party staunch,
Nor ever will, I vow sir;
With each strong party I will launch,
And never will be true sir.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain,
As far as I can see sir;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

V.

Who'er in Pudding Times comes o'er,
For moderate Men get nought sir,
Tho' much I have I'll still ask more,
They ne'er got who ne'er fought Sir;
And thus Preferment I've procur'd
By Government supporting;
The Setting Sun I've still abjur'd
Then Sing still am courting.

C H O R U S.

*And this is law I will maintain,
As far as I can see sir;
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be sir.*

VI.

To George the third of Hanover
And Protestant Succession;
To these I do Allegiance swear
While they can keep Possession;

For

For in my Faith and Loyalty
I never more will Faulter ;
And he my Lawful King shall be,
Untill the Times shall alter.

CHORUS.

*And this is law, I will maintain,
As far as I can see fir,
That whatsoever party reign,
A Placeman I will be fir,*

E INCAN-

INCANTATION FOR RECOVERY,
A P O E M.

PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS
AT WESTMINSTER.

1st WITCH.

THRICE the Doctors have been heard,

2d WITCH.

Thrice the Mause's hour conferr'd.

3d WITCH.

Thrice has Sidney cocked his Chin,
Jacky cries,—begin,—begin,

1st WITCH.

Round about the Cauldron go,
In the full Ingredients throw,
Still-born Fætus born and bred,
In a Lawyer's puzzl'd head,
Nourished by metaphysic Scott,
Boil them in th' enchanted Pot,

ALL.

A L L.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Free-born and Cauldron bubble.

2d WITCH.

Scull that holds the small remains
Of old Camden's addle brains,
Lover of the Lilly hue,
Which in R——d's carcase grew.
'Tears which stealing down his cheek,
Of the rugg'd Thurlow speak,
All the poignant grief he feels
For his Sovereign —— or the Seals;
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double, &c.

3d WITCH.

Clipping of Corinthian brass,
From the visage of Dundas,
Forged Address devised by Rose,
Half of Pepper Arden's nose,
Smuggled Vote of City Thanks,
Promise of insidious Banks,
Add a grain of Rolle's courage,
Transfuse the hellish porrage.

1st WITCH.

1st WITCH.

Cool it with Lord Kenyon's blood;
Now the charm is firm and good,

A L L.

Double, double, &c.

Enter HECATE.

Oh, well done,—I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.

Cauldron bubble, &c.

A NEW SONG,

To the Tune of—"The Priest of the Parish."

As it is sung in all polite circles.

DID you hear that the M—— has now got enough
of it !

Cause he wou'd not let poor Paddy alone.
Tho' he *flutter'd* and *storm'd* he cou'd never make
stuff of it.

Able to raise Billy Pitt to the throne.

II.

When once our good King, whom the Lord soon
recover !

By sickness was render'd to govern unfit,
Sly Fitz and the M—— wou'd give us no other,
But rule us themselves in conjunction with Pitt.

III.

F——bon declar'd, we cou'd never more need a king,
(Who like F——bon is bold to declare !)

For with *Gold*, *Brass*, and *Wax* he cou'd make you as
good a thing,

—For the Seals or the Scaffold no man bids so fair.—

IV.

Now just in the nick, while the Lawyers were prating,
And Prince George and King William at issue were
met.

To save the House time and fatigue in debating,
The crafty K——lin produced his Gazette.

V. This

V.

This Gazette said, our Monarch was better than ever,
 To govern his People once more he was fit,
 Here and there a *stout* Member began for to waver—
 Take his a-se in his hand, and walk over to Pitt.

VI.

John T—r declar'd since he found the King mending—
 He ne'er wou'd desert him—to forfeit his place—
 But slyly told *Dan*, since on none there's depending,
 To take t'other side, and dance down face to face.

VII.

Then Isaac struck up on both sides of the gutter,
 Now praises the Prince,—now the M——is's
 Grace,—
 Whoe'er has the loaf shall be sure of *his* butter,
 He sings for all parties, tho'still in his place.

VIII.

And now the P——e S——nt, that politic shaver,
 Both sides having sounded, both sides to betray,
 As a friend to the M——s, said *nought* in his favour;
 As a friend to the Prince, in the *nick* stay'd away.

IX.

But let him take care, lest too subtle his cunning,
 Who trusts to no party, no party'll befriend,—
 Betwixt his two stools with his shuffling and doubling,
 Once more the poor S——nt may come to his end.

X. Now

X.

Now B——rd sneer'd, and again thought to carve on
 His Waterford jobs, and make *Goddy* look small;
 Make a Custom-house borough, and send to Dungan-
 von.
 Its carpenters, bricklayers; gaugers, and all.

XI.

But, oh! M——s of B——m; leave off these po-
 litics,
 And give poor Grattan his own bit of game!
 For if he should catch you again at your dirty tricks,
 Hervey Aston himself shan't secure you from shame.

A SONG

A S O N G.

PRINCE Royal! Prince Royal!
 I hope you enjoy all
 The heartfelt and pure satisfaction
 Which must rise in a breast
 That has been so distressed,
 As your's—for a Father's distraction

Tol de rol.

Duke of York! Duke of York!
 At a Girl or a Bock
 Your excellence always may shine
 But to meddle with State,
 Ill becomes such a Pate,
 A Pate that's as giddy as thine.

Tol de rol

Mr. Fox! Mr. Fox!
 How my feeling it shocks,
 To hear of your dreadful mishap;
 By the Prince you are left,
 Of his favour bereft,
 Ah! Reynard you're caught in the trap.

Tol de rol,

Mr. Burke! Mr. Burke!
 You have made a damn'd work,
 Your Pension is now gone to pot;
 For what man would keep
 Any longer a Sheep
 Which alas! is eat up with the rot.

Tol de rol.

Lord

Lord of Law ! Lord of Law !
You'll be now kept in awe,
No longer for Proteus you'll pass,
You'll no longer change shape
Into Owl or an Ape,
But are fix'd now for ever an Afs.

Tol de rol.

F

T H E

THE PARTY;

A NEW SONG,

I.

CROM-A-BOO, Crom-a-boo,
No one wonders that you,
Should desert, with your squad mercenary ;
You support men in pow'r,
But change the first hour
They are out, like a venal Canary.

II.

To gain R—b—y's place,
Your obsequious Grace,
To Buckingham's closet quick run ;
But should he go out,
Why you've veer'd about
And will bask in the new rising fun.

III.

L—d L——s, L—d L——s,
Your head large and soft is,
And not much overloaded with brain,
You'r a vile sulky mule,
Between knave and fool,
And your name's on the peerage a stain.

IV. You,

IV.

You, a beggar of late,
 On a sudden grew great,
 By E—y's great bounty and will;
 A peerage you got,
 But what of all that,
 You remain the same dirty dog still.

V.

The P——y's own
 The best gifts of the crown,
 And give their support *'till its wanted,*
 But if Fox does prevail,
 Why they soon turn tail,
 And their former opinion's recanted.

VI.

But if Georgy should be
 The king's attorney,
 How quickly he'd *money bills* draw;
 No motion could harrafs,
 No changes embarass
 So great an adept in the law.

VII.

Post Office Comptroller,
 You street-walking stroller,
 Your heart is as black as your face;
 If you mean to betray
 Do tell me I pray,
 Why from Bucks you accepted a place?

VIII. There's

VIII.

There's fat bellied C—tt—r,
 And *Bob* the *bog-trotter*,
 Who whip in L—d S—n's light troop;
 With C—nn—y that quizz,
 And T—d's dull phizz,
 Sure never was seen such a group.

IX.

You silly old goat !
 At you age to turn coat !
 In hopes of a seat on the bench ;
 But O'N—ll were you there,
 Your brethren for fear,
 Would quit it, you'd raise such a stench.

X.

Pot-walloping G—n,
 'Mongst the first rats was seen,
 To swim from the vessel when sinking ;
 Next down the sides crawl'd,
 A black rat that's bald,
 Easy known by his dirt and his stinking.

XI.

You renegade Swift !
 Ever ready to kiss,
 Of succeeding Viceroys the posteriors ;
 There's an end to your jobbing,
 So now fall a mobbing,
 And loading with dirt, your superiors.

XII. Your

XII.

Your paving cabals,
And your jobs for canals,
Are lost beyond all redemption;
And believe, me no more
Will you get for *your whore*,
Miss B——y, another large pension.

XIII.

Hal G——n denies
To the King the supplies,
Because that he now is much better;
His hopes he gives o'er,
Of half a plumb more,
To purchase estates, *by King's letter*.

XIV.

Shall Lifford pretend
With Hall to contend,
Or Earlsfort his law doctrines dispute;
They're illegal he'll cry,
Or flatly deny,
Opinions, he cannot refute.

XV.

Addressees of course
Of laws shall have force,
While Hal and his party are strong;
But they must soon fail,
For truth will prevail,
In spite of this time-serving throng.

THE

THE
ANSWER
TO THE
IRISH AMBASSADORS.

YOUR duty to the King is great,
As all mankind must see;
And though you are come a day too late,
You are welcome still to me.

You'll guess what want of speech conceals,
As Irishmen should do,
You'll guess my understanding feels,
My heart remembers too.

You take a different line I see,
From England, and oppose her;
But well I know you disagree,
To make the union closer.

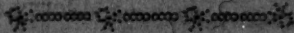
As to the rest of your Address,
I know not what to do;
I fear 'tis treason to say YES,
I'm loth to answer No.

Should he relapse, indeed, I might
Accept the Irish sway:
But that I cannot learn to night—
So, come another day!

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!!

In a few days will be published,—*The natural history of Rats*; wherein the various species of this wonderful Animal will be fully explained and delineated; with curious observations on their ears and tails, their colour and smell.—Remarkable instances will be related of their sagacity and cunning, their timidity, their treachery, their despair, and their combinations for securing themselves against danger, and guarding their provisions when attacked by an enemy.



DEFINITIONS

applicable to the times, and a former majority.

Irish loyalty.—Snatching the Crown from the King's head and putting it on his Son's.

Irish spirit.—Kissing a Lord Lieutenant's b—h when in power, and kicking it when out of power.

Irish fidelity.—Adhering to a man whilst he can serve you, and deserting him when he can no longer be of use to you.

Irish gratitude.—Refusing the reversion of an employment to a great man's brother, who *effectually established* the legislative independence of the country, and giving 50,000*l.* to a little gentleman for *botching* the business.

Irish consistency.—Making illuminations for the King's illness, and then making illuminations for his recovery.

Irish Quixotism.—Couching to an adversary armed and in his saddle, and furiously attacking him when prostrate and defenceless.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

COME listen to me, you political throng,
 'Bout a *Fox* and a *Monkey*, I'll sing you a song;
 Some folks had thrown *Pug* half a *plumb* for his *tricks*,
 When *Reynard* brush'd to 'ards him, his friendship to fix.
 Derry down, &c.

II.

As great as two pick-pockets soon they became,
 Sery'd each other's purpose for profit or game;
 But as *Pug* in his pranks chanc'd to cross a great *Flood*,
 He was sous'd to the skin, and sunk deep in the mud.
 Derry down, &c.

III.

Keen *Reynard* laugh'd sily, but lugg'd him a-shore,
 The *Country Bylanders* set up a loud roar;
Pug rail'd at this flood, but the splashing he got,
 So stuck to his skin; that 'tis said he must rot.
 Derry down, &c.

IV.

The *Kingly Old Lyon* one day being sick,
 Says *Reynard* to *Pug*, 'gad we'll play him a trick:
 For you shall persuade all the *beasts* that you know,
 His *Viceroy* to bang, and his power to o'erthrow.
 Derry down, &c.

V. To

V.

To worry this Viceroy, bears, badgers, and cats,
 United with cur-dogs, and *treacherous Rats*;
 But like a true *masstiff*, as faithful as brave,
 The Viceroy made battle, his Monarch to save.
 Derry down, &c.

VI.

The countrymen soon interser'd in the fray,
 Nay some honest *Parsons* cried out for fair play;
 The Lion's recover'd, and all the woods ring,
 With down *Fox* and *Monkey*, and *God save the King*.
 Derry down, &c.

G

A NEW

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of "Goostrum Foo," &c.

I was once very high up in favour,
But now I am tumbled down low;
I was once thought the country's great saviour,
But now I'm consider'd its foe.
Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Well knowing the chance of contention,
The empire I strove to divide;
Fitzgibbon saw thro' my intention,
And Parsons did tell me I ly'd.
Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Young Beresford, he too did slight me—
Kilwarlin illu'd me also;
Tho' none of them all did affright me
But Parsons—for he made a blow!
Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

Oh! I feel most of all the disgrace, Sir,
To be join'd with B—— and some more;
These fellows, ungrateful and base, Sir,
Who'll desert—as they had done before.
Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

But I hope, like Sempronius's friends, Sir,
They'll be hang'd for not having success—
Tho' I us'd them to answer my ends, Sir,
I despised them nevertheless.
Sing goostrum, &c. &c.

THE

 THE E M B A S S Y.

FROM Dublin's fam'd city, to your Highness we
came,

To present this Address in the Parliament's name;
The Lords and the Commons in Council full met;
Here a silence ensu'd, for the Duke did forget
The rest of the speech, which the night they did part,
Harry Grattan had begg'd him to get well by heart;
And which save and except, when quite sick on the
sea,

He had done nothing but read, both by night and by
day.

The Prince in a moment saw what was the case,
And kindly repli'd, "I'm oblig'd to your Grace,
And the Lords, and the Commons"—but let me en-
treat,

E'er an answer I give, a few days you will wait.
The meaning of which, sure no man can mistake,
"That the Duke shou'd get better, the speech he'd
to make."

The days he must stay, are computed at nine—
As his friends all allow him—a day for each line.
When retir'd, their chagreen they cou'd not conceal;
We are jockey'd says Turf—Blood'nounds! says
O'Neil;

He told me, says Stuart, he had it quite pat—
For I begg'd he would put it—in the crown of his
hat.

BOO!!!

A S O N G.

I

I'M a snarling young fellow from sweet Tipperary,
 I came on the city—to practice the Law;
 So lively, so funny, so brisk and so airy,
Ogh! the devil o'the likes of me ever you saw.

For years I have been at the Bar and the Senate,
 In hopes, by my barking, some good thing to get,
 Some pension, or place, Sir,
 But hard is my case, Sir,
 For *hell to the music* they've offer'd me yet.

Sing round about, turn about, change about *Robin*,
 Sing hey for the *Robin* combin'd 'gain the King;
 Sing hey for the lads, that keep brawling and
 jobbing,
 Of *Janus* and *Prancer*, let ev'ry one sing.

II.

My dad, like myself, in the law was concern'd
 A Bailiff he was, and 'tis very well known;
 From him all the practical branches I learn'd,
 But as to the theory, as yet I have none.
 For years I have been at, &c.

III.

But now by our jobbing we've got a *Round Robin*,
 But I've laid a scheme, that I think cannot fail;
 I beg you won't tell 'm, but faith I will sell 'm,
 Just so I serv'd Longfield, and Lord Doneraile.
 For years I have been at, &c.

V. Mr.

IV

Mr. G—— I'm the Member for P——l,
 And paid for the same a five hundred pound bill,
 Which in ninety-one days must surely come round,
 So something for me must be instantly found :

'Tis true I'm not famous for speaking or writing,
 But damn me, my lad, but I'm famous for fighting.
 The *Robin* much wanted a man of my sort,
 For courage, I take it, is not quite their *forte*.

The T I C K L E R,——No. I.

The ORATOR—an EPIGRAM.

IS it to argue—reason, or declaim,
 To prop a falling country—or court Fame,
 That Major H——t rises in debate
 Upon the weighty matters of the State?
 Ah! no—'tis not to reason or declaim
 To prop a falling country—or court Fame,
 That H——t rises—'tis as each eye seeth,
But just to GRIN, and shew his pretty TEETH!

The METAMORPHOSE.

S—e B——d, the Usher, once held his black-rod,
 And could usher their worships with most graceful nod,
 In the L—s and the C——ns with duty he'd range,
 But the magic of party, has wrought a sad change;
 His BLACK-ROD thrown by, a WHITE GOOSE QUILL
 he handles!

And USHERS us nothing, but all sorts of SCANDALS!
 And quitting his WALK his range is diurnal,
 To libel all worth—in the CASTLE'S BRIB'D JOUR-
 NAL!

IRISH REVIEW—1789.

*Rome and her Rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bane.*

Shakelpear's Coriolanus.

AT an era, when this country has re-asserted its independence—when commerce has rapidly encreased, and with the augmentation of wealth has introduced luxury and elegance ; would it not be a national reproach, were not literature to meet with suitable encouragement? The experience of our sister country has demonstrated the obvious tendency, of fair and candid criticism, to the advancement of letters. The English Reviews, have introduced to public observation many an effort of modest genius which might otherwise have blushed unseen, “ waiving its sweetness on the desert air :” while the sober reprehensions of their unbiassed strictures, have repressed many a futile fall of petulance, or flagging flight of dulness. With similar pursuits, and from similar motives, a number of Gentlemen have in this city, united for the laudable purpose of anticipating for the public, the labour of judgment—to restrain the waste of their studies, upon subjects unworthy of their attention, and to obtrude at once upon their view, what may reward the pains of research to improve their judgment, and refine their taste, by unmasking blemishes, and unveiling beauties which might elude the eye of giddy observation. Let not the Mathematician, the Philosopher, the Poet, the Historian, the Divine, fear

To

to approach our bar ; they may repose the most implicit confidence in our impartiality ; and (may we without the Imputation of vanity add) our judgment. In our Society will be found, men qualified to decide on every branch of science, and Belles Lettres. Without further preface, the Irish Review introduces itself to a candid public, and commences its important functions by a review of the latest publications :

An ELEGIAC EPISTLE on the much lamented recovery of his MAJESTY, from JOHN PRANCER to Sir JOHN BLACK-RAT,—Byrne, price 2s. 6d.

Whatever may be our sentiments of the style and composition of this piece ; we have seldom seen a Poem, where grief appears depicted in more natural colouring ; nor can any one who peruses it, refuse his assent to the sincerity of the author's affliction.—The Epistle opens in a manner devoid of neither elegance nor pathos.

“ At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
My lab'ring bosom gives its sorrows vent ;
I weep till wasted weary woe grows dry,
I mourn till wasted memory is spent.
Alas! darling object of my tender care,
Must these old eyes behold the dismal scene,
Am I reserv'd a fate so hard to bear,
To see my hopes expire in College-green?”

The idea of *wasted woe growing dry*, tho' natural, we must admit, carries with it an air of vulgarity, excusable when we consider the birth and country of the author. The next stanza is rather trite.—We are tired of the cries—the bells—and the lights—and the mention of these circumstances shew more that the author has been deep read in elegy, than any marks

marks of natural genius. His address to his dear Blackrat, is tender, simple, unaffected; nor should we wonder at the old veteran's being unable to resist their pathos, when reminded of their friendship:

" We were the happiest pair of human kind,
In hopes, in fortune ever closely tied;
In independence glorious bands combin'd,
Together fought we faithful side by side.
Join then with me, my friend, of soul sincere,
To weep our, *Regent lost*, ah! ever lost,
Pay him the honest tribute of thy tear,
Who would have given us butter to our toast.

The last line borders on the ludicrous. The author should have said bread, when the natural simplicity of the idea would have pleased;—the hard laws of rhyme compelled him to toast. Then follow many stanzas, containing dire imprecations on the heads of the Physicians, particularly on his friend Dr. W—n, who did not prolong the existence of the Regent's life. This is by far the most objectionable part of the whole poem: This angry resentment ill accords with these tints of soft melancholy which pervade the rest of the piece. After this comes a beautiful stroke of self-pity; and the sudden transition, from his own, to the misfortunes of his friend, gives us a high idea of the author's sensibility and goodness of heart.

" No more I search, I pack, I guage, I ride!
On prancing charger, like a Major bold!
No more o'er sturdy pavours you preside,
Nor in dark lobby touch *contingent* gold."

Contingent,

Contingent, curiosa felicitas—a most delicate and happy epithet.

Self-love is man's ruling passion; it is natural therefore, to find him revert to his own misfortune:

"Where shall I now my *Sabine cabbage* plant?

The Isle of Man's sunk in the *raging sea*."

Though we admire the natural wish of an old man, to withdraw from the bustle of a busy world to rural retirements; we yet fear the strong equivocal, in the epithet *raging sea*, cannot be admitted, though used even by the modern *Mæcenæ*s, Sir F. H—ch—n. Any thing like pun, suits not the *Elegiac Muse*.

The thoughts of his family rise upon his view—
What breast so hard as not to feel for the united tears of the the patriot and the father?

"My boy, my Dicky, will be turned out,
Bob E—r—s—d with him no more will sit;
Yet what my darling's crime? he turn'd about,
Shrinking with horror from the fatal Pitt."

Why *Bob*! alluding, perhaps, to his wig-characteristic.

We will not anticipate the public pleasure by citing any more than the two concluding stanzas:

"Off, the plumed button, and the pert bob-wig,
Tear off the joyous garb of blue and buff,

The gay attire of the triumphant whig;
And shroud these limbs in gown of dismal stuff.

Like poison'd rat, I sink into my hole,
There hide from scorn, my melancholy head;

With *ethic* studies, strive to sooth my soul—
All other joys, through hated life, are fled.

Independence, an irregular Ode, in imitation of *Pr—ston's Ode on the Moon*.—Byrne, 1s. 1d.

More poetry, "Is *Bedlam*, or *Parnassus*, all let cut: 2 irregular and incoherent, indeed; not to be reduced to any rule, of propriety,

A treatise on the best Methods of destroying Vermin; by John Fitz, Rat-catcher to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, 6s. 6d.—Grierson.

A useful tract; (mean as the subject may appear) and as such, we recommend it to our readers.

A new System of Mensuration; or, the Geometry of Invisibles; by John Philpot, Philomath.—Jackson, Meath-street.—Price 3s. 3d.

The only circumstance worth remarking on in this work is a mode of taking the altitude of a column, by measuring its shadow in the dark.

Whether the author does not require a dark closet, and a strait waistcoat, let these who read him judge.

The Art of Tumbling; by John Merryman, principal clown to Mr. Astley;—dedicated, by permission, to John P——C——n. Byrne, 2s. 2d.

Though a classical funambulist may appear a novelty in the walks of literature, we cannot say much for our friend Merryman: He sometimes excites mirth—but is more frequently ridiculous.

The Independence of Ireland asserted, by the Rev. A——O'L——y; to which are added, Title Deeds and Maps of the Forfeited Estates. Byrne, 1s. 1d.—Written with that sound argument, and just irony, for which the author is so well noted.

Thoughts, humbly submitted, on the supplying the Deficiency of the Legislature, occasioned by the present unhappy Insanity of the H—— of C——s. Anon. Byrne.

Ingenious and solid.

Report of the Physicians who attended the H—— of C——s during their late unhappy Malady.

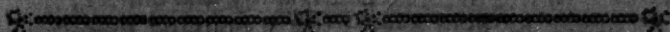
Interesting, merely as medical facts.

Spiritual

Spiritual Wickedness in High Places, a Sermon
before the House of L—s, by the Right Rev. the
A—b—p of C—, on Prov. chap. 1. v. 13, 14.
“ We shall find all precious substance, we shall fill
our houses with spoil : cast in thy lot among us, let us
all have one purse.”

In our next Review, we shall proceed to examine
many other publications, which have teemed forth in
the last month.

MOUSETRAP.



T H E STURDY BEGGAR'S OPERA.

I.

FOR ev'ry employment what strife !
Each member abused his brother ;
Place and Pension they all want for life,
All professions betray'd one another.
But now who his neighbour would cheat,
Round Robin would swingingly fine ;
And the Statesman, though ever so great,
Degrades himself so as to sign.

II.

'Tis Gr—tt—n that seduces all mankind,
By him we may be taught the wheedling arts ;
His very words can cheat, when most they're kind,
He tricks us of our money by his parts.
For him, like fools at night, we vote for prey,
And practice ev'ry fraud to raise alarms ;
For Gr—tt—n's words, like law, are won by pay,
And Patriots must be fee'd into our arms.

III.

III.

O C—rry is a sad dog! and heeds not what I taught him,
I wonder any man alive could act so when I bought him;
For he will vote for Prince and King, for Pitt's and
Fox's side,

The Viceroy praise like any thing, and keep his place
beside;

And when he gets with care and pain a flourishing essay,
He spouts it in the Commons House, and then votes
t'other way.

O C—rry is, &c.

IV.

A Patriot's like a fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Round him the mob each day bully and bluster,
Swearing he shall have Fifty Thousand Pound.
But when once bought, he's no longer alluring,
Like Napper Tandy he aims to be great;
Links knaves and fools, and grows past all enduring,
Mobs, scolds, blackguards, like a sot in the street.

V.

Thus when Jack Toler sees a rat,
In a trap in the evening taken;
With pleasure his tongue gives tit for tat,
In revenge for bold Robin's speaking.
Then he leaves him to the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.

VI.

The Robins prepar'd, the faction is met,
The leaders all rang'd, a horrible row!
I sign undismay'd, for honour's a bet,
A bet I have lost, so take what I owe.
Then farewell Blaquiere, dear Gervy adieu,
Tho' I lose my place, 'tis no better for you:
All comfort here ends for the rest of our lives,
For this way we starve our children and wives.

VII.

Grand Chorus,
Tis thus we all stand by
The great Napper Tandy.

VIII.

To Stowe I shall travel with pleasure,
To, &c.

Let me go where I will, in all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such traitors as these are.

A S O N G.

Tune—" *The Vicar and Moses,*

Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt,
 Pray why don't you quit,
 And give up your troublesome station?
 Or must we be told,
 That if longer you hold,
 'Tis all for the good of the nation?
 Tol de rol, &c.

Scotch Harry, Scotch Harry,
 How long will you tarry?
 Pray take the old Weefel's advice*,
 Get as poor and as thin,
 As when first you crept in,
 And then you'll slip out in a trice.

Lord T——, Lord T——,
 You may soon take a furlough,
 And be not in haste to come back;
 For much as you're lov'd,
 Yet 'tis fit you were shov'd
 From the Chancery and the Woolfack.

Lord Graham Lord Graham,
 And you, my Lord Bayham,
 And your brothers at each of the boards;
 Your departure is nigh,
 So I wish you God be wi'ye,
 On your merits I'll waste no more words.

Lord

* " Forte per angustam tenuis nifedula rimam,

" Reple rat in aumeram pumentis; &c.

" Cui mustella procul, &c. &c.

" Macra cavum repetes aret um quem macra subisisti."

Hos,

Lord Feddy, Lord Feddy,
 Who show'd yourself ready
 To support *John-a-Nokes* when he's in,
 I hope you'll not find,
 That the Whigs are so kind,
 To reward such political sin.

Will Pogy, Will Pogy,
 You've damn'd luck, you rogue you,
 So sllily to grope to the chair;
 But you must not pretend,
 'Tis the advice of a friend,
 In a Parliament now to sit there.

Lord *Languish*, Lord *Languish*,
 I feel for your *Anguish*,
 And should ask you a question or two;
 But I've found out of late,
 That for reasons of state,
 No questions are answer'd by you.

Joe Mawbey, Joe Mawbey,
 Let your hogs be your hobby,
 But try not another election;
 It would be a sad *boar*,
 And why need I say more,
 To meet with a shameful rejection.

Lord *Mulgrave*, Lord *Mulgrave*,
 You look as a bull grave;
 'Tis in vain to be so much cast down,
 When you have got in a hole,
 Take a trip to the Pole,
 And forget all the plagues of the town.

Charles Brandling, Charles Brandling,
 O what a rough handling,
 The poor absent Sheriff has got;
 But your honor's disgrace,
 Was flung full in your face,
 So you had rather more than you brought.

Mr. Rolle,

Mr. Rolle, Mr. Rolle,
 'Tis a shame, 'pon my soul,
 For *Devon* to chuse such a Knight;
 Since the days of old Rolle,
 Th' electors, that's hollow,
 Ne'er sent up so brainless a weight.

Lord Sydney, Lord Sydney,
 No man of your kidney
 Must hope to continue in place;
 And sure ne'er Sec. of State,
 Had so wig-block a pate,
 And eke such an unblushing face.

Sly Jenky, sly Jenky,
 Of matters what think you?
 Say whose friend you are now if you durst!
 But a word in your ear,
 I've been told do you hear,
 Number one was at all times the first.

A NEW BALLAD,

(To the Tune of—"LILLIBULLERO")

KING William the Third, of glorious renown,
 Did free these two nations from tyranny's yoke;
 But William the Fourth now possesses the Crown,
 And laughs at our freedom and laws as a joke.
 The great Lords of the land
 All obey his command,
 And the Commons obsequious attend to his nod;
 Each brave London cit,
 Fam'd for eating and wit,
 Adores *this* King William much more than his God.

Whilst

Whilst our Monarch's unable to sit on his throne,
 King Pitt takes upon him to rule in his stead;
 He looks on the sceptre and Crown as his own,
 Like a servant who robs his poor master that's dead.
 He, with malice and spite,
 Keeps the Prince from his right,
 'Cause the Prince would no longer keep him in em-
 ploy;

He lays on restrictions,
 All sanction'd by fictions,
 And treats the poor Prince like a child with a toy.
 But that which on Pitt strong suspicion must bring,
 That reports of the Doctors no longer are seen;
 He ungratefully makes a state tool of the K***
 No admittance at K***—but for friends and the
 Queen;

Whilst the Duke and the Prince,
 Have often times since,
 To see their poor Father and King been refus'd;
 And his pages, so lov'd,
 Have all been remov'd,
 That secret severity now might be us'd.
 But good Mr. Pitt your phantom of pow'r
 Must cease, when the nation is come to its reason;
 It is then that perhaps you may visit the Tower,
 And answer for all your misprisons of treason;
 'Twill then be too late,
 To lament your hard fate,
 That you by ambition and folly were led;
 Not Hastings's gold,
 Tho' 'twere twice over told,
 Would avail to keep fast on your body your head.

There's BUCKY the wise, whom all rascals applaud,
 And Willis the faithful, the minion, and friend,
 May mount on the scaffold, like Strafford and Laud,
 Unless by the hangman their exit should end;
 Our Delegates then,
 Will be looked on as men
 Who dar'd to assert our just freedom and laws;
 Who when faction bore sway,
 Fear'd not to obey
 Their country's commands in fair LIBERTY's cause!

THE SINNERS LAMENTATION:

A MEDLEY.

Tota cantabitur urbe.—HOR.

“ I’ll make ballads on ye all.”—SHAK.

Tune. *Venus of Tatterdown hill.*

T’OTHER night the *Round Robin* in Council was met;
 To consider their critical state;
 Sir Henry, so grave, as their Chairman was set
 To keep order, and rule the debate,

Long time had they sat, and yet nobody spoke,
 So deep were they plung’d in their woes!
 Not L—ng—e, himself, had propounded a joke,
 Or Prancer complain’d of his toes.

Atty B—n, in a dismal quandary, was there—
 And C—rr—n fat kicking his heels;
 Sir F— look’d up, with a pitiful air,
 Like man that is caught when he steals.

Bully E—n, in phrenzy and bitterness, swore,
 “ Shall I lose my five hundred good pounds?
 “ I should have consider’d it better, before
 “ I engag’d on such desperate grounds.
 “ Blood and ’ounds!”

G—e P—y wish’d that he never had sign’d!
 And B—h—e kick’d about his new wig;
 Harry G—n was perfectly calm and resign’d,
 For he valu’d not Bucky a fig.

Mr. G—n, (said L—n—s) may well be content,
 He regards not how badly we fare;
 But not one of the first fifty thousand is spent—
 I suppose he’ll afford us some share.

I

Then

Then Harry consider'd—to parry the thrust,
 For once, he determin'd to shine;
 So to quiet their minds, he sent out upon trust,
 To get half a dozen of wine.

Then soon they began to lament each his case,
 And in songs, to complain of their woes:
 Sir H—rc—s first, like a viol so base,
 First vented his *hopes* through his nose.

Tune. *Ballinamona.*

In the course of my life, I ne'er saw a Swiss hang'd,
 But I'm told that the sight is both curious and grand;
 For I hear, that a long time before they are dead,
 The hair does come off from the back of their head!

Huzza! for a sight so droll, boys,
 A man without hair on his poll, boys,
 Kicking, for life and for soul, boys,
 To see a Swiss hanging, for me!

Tune. *And did you not hear of a jolly young Waterman.*

And did you not hear of a jolly old Prancer,
 A fellow that's us'd at the Castle to ply?
 By turns was Packer, a Major, Financier,
 Or any thing else, he'd get any thing by.
 For years, I prom'd my vote so readily,
 I got what I ask'd from my King, most readily;
 From that very King, whom I basely forsook,
 When baseness and Faction his government shook.

Tune. *Oh! he'll go up Holborn hill in a cart, in a cart.*

Oh! I'll go by Stephen's-green in a cart, in a cart,
 Oh! I'll go by Stephen's-green in a cart, in a cart;
 Oh! I'll go by Stephen's-green,
 Press'd down with age and sin,
 With a tack beneath my chin,
 I'll depart, I'll depart.

[Da Capo.]

C—TT—R.

C—TIT—R.
 Since laws were made for every degree,
 No reflections, dear Sir, on my father, or me;
 For better were hang'd than ever you'll be,
 On Tyburn tree.

L— DICK.

Tune—*Ah! Papa, how can you be so ill natured?*
 Dear Papa! how could you be so short sighted,
 To bring poor Dicky into such a sad scrape?
 The people will think that you've now got a light
 head—

This danger I cannot tell how to escape.

If fighting, or swagg'ring, or swearing, would do it,
 I yet have a notion I'd stand a good chance;
 I'm afraid that your Dicky will constantly rue it,
 That your toes so continually itch for a prance:

SIR SORROWFUL SLENDER,

Knt. of the rueful Countenance.

Tune—*Death and the Lady.*

IN Wicklow mountains I do live obscure,
 No stranger ever enter'd at my door;
 I'll lay these costly politics aside,
 And to my heath-clad hills again I'll hide.
 The pint of Port, that I brought up to town,
 Will serve to chear my heart a going down:
 By care to reimburse myself I'll seek,
 And on the * Monday side—I'll live a week.

* A certain honest and generous Bishop, had a miserable catiff of a son, so dismal in his aspect, that a wit once said, he was like the stuffed skin of a bittern, nailed to a stable door, to prevent horses from dreaming.—At the Bishop's table dined one day, an amiable Lady, who happened to be in the last month of her pregnancy; she desired Mr. Frank to help her to a bit of the Monday side of a sirloin of beef:—You must excuse me, Madam, said he, we never cut our Monday side of a Sunday.—Oh fie, Frank! said the reverend old Gentleman, never refuse a Lady any thing she likes. Frank was inflexible; the Lady miscarried—the Bishop died—Frank lived, and thinks himself qualified with this liberal spirit, to talk of the finances of a great nation.

Such dreadful thoughts, did ne'er my heart invade,
Since in the † grave my wretched corpse was laid!

Findaric—By Mr. C——N.

Sir F——, I beg you will not go away—
But stay.—

If expences affright you—

If roast beef does delight you—

I've a bit of a rib in the cupboard.

If with me you will stay,

And say just—aye or nay,

I'll feed you, and make you look jolly, like Hobart.

Tune. Moreen a Gibberland.

Oh fye upon you *Shamus*!

A Connaught man, and prove untrue;

A country so long famous,

For loyalty and honour too.

I own for me a place was made;

'And then I promis'd that I would;

Support the man I since betray'd,

Oh fough upon ingratitude!

When I became a place-man,

And made that promise as before,

They thought I was a base man;

But now, they even think me more.

In compassing my dirty ends,

My vices would a volume make;

My King, my country, and my friends,

I, in their turns, did forsake.

And now in hopes to save me,

About some seven thousand pound

I lob'd from New G——a,

I sigh'd that cursed Robin round.

† This Gentleman once had the misfortune to die—in appearance. He was buried; but was dug up, upon a dispute between his executor and the sexton. He had ordered in his will, that the fellow should get but half fees. How happy it is for this kingdom that the sexton's resentment, in digging him up again, had restored such a valuable member to society.

And

And I return'd for ———,
 To do an act, as base and mean;
 'Tis with sorrow that I say so,
 I ne'er will be return'd again.

— G — N.

Tune. *Shounbyee.*

When my troops did assemble,
 Their looks made me tremble,
 I thought of their Minds so deprav'd;
 With a horrible grin,
 Did B ——— e begin,
 And cry'd out, by you we're decieved.

Your party in London,
 Our fortunes have undone,
 While you, Sir, were snug and secure;
 But while he was speaking,
 Behind I was sneaking,
 'Till I cleanly hopp'd out of the door.

— Tune — *Black-ey'd Susan.*

Now discord's God among them reign'd,
 They rant'd, rail'd, and tore their hair;
 Their motives ev'ry one explain'd—
 Some urg'd by hope, some by despair!
 While E ———'s eye-brows o'er his features lower'd,
 What business had I!—what business had I, for to
 come on-board?

— Tune — *Welcome, Welcome Brother Debtor.*

— C — RR — N.

Welcome, welcome Brother prater,
 To this disaffected place;
 Indeed my griefs are not the greater,
 That you share in our disgrace.

But my friend, as you're a stranger,
 You do not know how we've been us'd;
 By that man, who flies the danger
 Of men's revenge, whom he abus'd.

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS—By them all.

Tune—*Shambyee.*

Thus our business is done, there's an end of our fun,
 We've been bit by the Patriot's mad frenzy;
 How we'll get back again, thro' contempt and disdain,
 Must be just as Bucky may fancy.

But had we succeeded, he shou'd have needed—
 Our candor—our mercy, or justice;
 He had found to his cost, that the man who has lost
 His power's, a fool shou'd he trust us.

A S O N G,

I'M lately return'd from the ocean
 In very sad plight, and distress!
 The devil take him made the motion
 That I should go with the Address.
 The people were gaping, and staring,
 While we in procession pass'd by;
 O'N—I fell a cursing and swearing,
 While S——t seemed ready to cry.

But the worst of it all happen'd after,
 When we were receiv'd by the Prince;
 Such whispering, jeering, and laughter;
 Though he talk'd of “the very great sense,
 “He had of our loyal affection;”
 Mere words! that meant nothing at all;
 Then, seeing our grief and dejection,
 He promis'd to give us—a Ball.

Lord C——t, bowing, did answer,
 The honour I am loath to refuse;
 But, really, I am not a great dancer—
 Besides, I brought over no shoes:
 With your Highness, we'd much rather dine, Sir,
 If you wish for to give us a treat;
 We've mighty nice palates for wine, Sir,
 And very good stomachs for meat.

A NEW SONG,

Tune—"The Wat'ry God."

*For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more.*

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

Ye sons of Ireland, join my lays,
To Heav'n, your grateful voices raise,
'Till shouts shall rend the skies;
Let loyalty our songs inspire,
And give them energy and fire,
While faction trembling flies.

Great GEORGE restor'd to royal sway,
Ye sons of Ireland, bless the day,
For he'll again bless you;
Once more in dignity enthron'd,
He'll deal out mercy all around,
And virtue's paths pursue.

On gracious GEORGE, whose mind was pure,
And thought himself in friends secure,
The care of Heav'n descends;
Restrain'd his powers but for to shew
Who was his friend, and who his foe;
For GEORGE had faithless friends.

Tune.

Tune—" *Langoolee*."

AND so my dear friends, after all your parading,
 How cou'd you come back with an answer so lame?
 An answer so slippery, fly, and evading,
 In troth, one wou'd think, he was making his game.
 Why does he not say, that he would accept it,
 If that had not happen'd which makes him reject it?
 I neither do know what he has said or meant,
 But I know that I am sorry that ever you went.

Then what is his meaning, of bonds and of freedom;
 Sure freedom, and bondage, can never be join'd?
 I'd have blotted them words, and I ne'er wou'd read
 e'm,

The Irish won't like for to see them combin'd.
 And then, by a kind of significant squinting,
 He talks of connexion, as if he was hinting
 He did not approve quite, the message we sent,
 Well, I know 'm sorry that ever you went.

He's then full of joy, at the same time he's sorry,
 Surely, such language is not common sense?
 And tho' he expresses his great liking for ye,
 He gently reminds you, that you might go thence.
 Then he talks of your characters, public and private,
 In hopes that his humbugging, you will connive at;
 The more I consider it, the more I repent,
 That ever we bid you, and ever you went.

When C——y read it last night in his place,
 I candidly own, when I heard it, I thought,
 He had made it, perhaps, with the help of his Grace,
 And that from his H——s, no answer you'd got,
 I thought so, because why, the language so poor is,
 The meaning perplex'd, and so shy, and obscure is;
 For another address, I will never consent,
 I am sorry, with this one, that ever you went.

